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*A Book of Poems . . .*

By Augustus P. Clarke, A.M., M.D.



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# A BOOK OF POEMS

BY

Augustus Peck Clarke, A.M., M.D.

*"Vita finem afferre alicui."*—CICERO.

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CAMBRIDGE :

1896.

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## PREFACE.

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When I wrote the different poems included in this little work I had no thought of making any formal publication of them, but the kindly reception they have met with and the urgent request of friends have prompted me to bring them out in a book form. I trust that they will be received with the indulgent criticisms of the reader.

AUGUSTUS P. CLARKE.

Cambridge, December 14, 1895.

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To my daughters.





# A Book of Poems.





## Tribute to Dr. Wyman.

---

*Read before the Cambridge Society for Medical Improvement, at the dinner complimentary to Dr. Morrill Wyman, Parker House, Boston, Feb. 17, 1886,  
and published in the Cambridge Press. March 6, 1886.*

---

Over Cambridge, the city of classical lore,  
Where the muses have hovered two centuries or more,  
What breath has been stirring their prowess to prove,  
As 'mongst them the sons of Esculapius move ?

Years one hundred have passed since with heart warm and  
large,  
Our loved Alma Mater vouchsafed to her charge  
The babe yet to minister potions and balms,  
Making glad all the earth with elixirs and charms.

'Neath her care grew this babe to a form strong and tall,  
Killing out noxious weeds bearing names great or small  
That yield but vile refuse of nothing or worse,  
As truth banished from Scripture, or beauty from verse.

'Bove the ranks of empirics stand Jackson and Ware,  
Warren, Boylston and Channing, whose names well compare  
With heroes and martyrs. Their learning and skill  
Raised the platform for others who yet should reveal

New truths their researches but half brought to light,  
Truths of blessings to millions, then hidden from sight.  
How blest, had they seen what their followers show  
In the work then begun to assuage human woe.

These doctors renowned as expert with the quill,  
Extended its use, learned to fill it with skill.  
Under teaching of Waterhouse charged it so mild  
As to shoot out disease, harming mother nor child.

Soon a conquest more noble was gained for the world  
Than ever by warrior with banner unfurled;  
For Morton and Warren with courage revealed  
How the demon of pain to Nepenthe must yield.

Then the sufferer released — who was lately possessed,  
Looked down on the foe from a pillow of rest,  
Proclaiming, “ Devotion to science and skill  
Has brought a rare blessing the vast world to fill.”

Yet stands on this platform, now broad, high and strong,  
Rejoicing in union, a still honored throng,  
With their sage, with their Nestor, their poet and last  
But not least, the practitioner, still holding fast

The demon as prisoner, that writhes 'neath his chain,  
But who ne'er from this power can walk forth again;  
Ever pants he in vain for a victim's last breath,  
While his torturing weapon would cleave unto death.

Still disease with his shafts to destroy as of old  
Must be watched from this platform, and Bigelow bold  
Spies the stones he so secretly thrusts at his prey,  
Which he rapidly breaks and then washes away.

Now Wyman steps forth and with listening ear,  
Quick the mischievous floods of disease to hear,  
Pumps out the vile waters that burden the chest,  
Showing thus, that such patient with health may be blest.

We must not omit to make mention just here  
Of the poet whose lyrics are prized far and near ;  
His words, from the mem'ry no time can efface,  
Giving even to skel'tons a beauty and grace.

To the microscope next. May it ne'er fall in rank  
To the plane of the quack, nor the twist of the crank ;  
For microbes sometimes play their pranks in the brain,  
Which the mind half developed would turn to some gain.

We practitioners now on this evening are met,  
Our senior to honor ; though 'tis with regret  
We see him retire ; yet long, long may the light  
Of his counsel be ours in the smoke of the fight.

Round this board we to-night greet him loyally here,  
Though he empty his plate may his stomach have cheer.  
Surely, one feast a year every doctor has tried,  
Let us prove Cambridge doctors from two have not died.





## In Memory of John B. Taylor, M.D.

---

*Read before the Cambridge Club, at a dinner, Young's Hotel, Boston, March 18, 1889, and published in the Cambridge Daily, March 19, 1889, and in the Cambridge Chronicle, March 23, 1889.*

---

The youth no music ever hears  
So sweet as that from coming years,  
Prolonged in such melodious lays  
As lures him through life's thorny ways.

Fair visions rise with brightest glow,  
Brought is the tinted landscape low  
Where on its banks may rest his feet  
This side where earth and heaven meet.

At later age and manhood's prime  
Come visions, too, undimmed by time,  
For mem'ry's halo holds most fast  
Life's tender col'rings of the past.

Such vision now we welcome here  
That to our gath'ring draweth near,  
Where mem'ry points to days gone by,  
And shows a youth with hopeful eye

Fixed on the pictured landscape, where  
His steadfast soul aspires to share  
A part, whereon his home shall rise  
More fair than Persian paradise.

New Hampshire from her rock-floored soil  
Gives strength that grows by honest toil,  
And through each vein and sinew runs  
This birth-right in her sturdy sons.

Such healthful soil with mountain air  
Has given this youth a double share  
Of strength that prompts his brain and will  
To find a higher foothold still.

He longs to learn the sacred art  
That conquers pain, and eases smart  
Of wounded hearts by pitying ear  
That brings their wants and needs more near.

'Tis thus he starts before our view,  
(Which visioned mem'ry holds as true).  
To seek from Harvard's learned halls  
The path where Esculapius calls,

With tone and eye trained to detect  
The links where life and death connect  
'Midst chains that fell disease can fling  
Around the vitals, quivering

With love to hold the 'bated breath  
From man's great enemy called death.  
He veils his paradise from sight  
That still by struggling he such height

May yet attain in landscape high,  
As but endeavor bringeth nigh.  
He there would plant his feet though torn  
By rough sharp stone and piercing thorn.

He binds his weapons to his breast,  
And vows to seek not ease nor rest,  
Till he in duty's path shall rise,  
Which leads to life's first paradise.

No polished stones can pave his way,  
For public means are small, and they  
Who learning's elevation dare,  
Must their own stepping-stones prepare.

No cushioned car in days of yore,  
E'er found its way to college door:  
And but for youth like ours, we ween,  
Such helps since then would not have been.

For naught e'er comes by hand or brain.  
Where there's no struggle for its gain.  
Plods on the youth, and still resists  
All siren strains; though oft he lists

To keep distinct the far-off song  
That holds his faith and purpose strong.  
Sometimes he halts to trace the way  
Already trod, then takes survey

Of that which dimly shows before,  
But ne'er his standpoint seeks to lower.  
At each such halt advance we see  
The youth hath made, till steppeth he

Upon such height as proves his worth  
To claim his paradise on earth.  
He seeks and finds a home of prayer  
Enlight'ning faith and soft'ning care ;

While with it comes such warmth and cheer  
As blesseth more from year to year.  
His earnest heart grows warm and large  
To treat with faithful care his charge,

While from afflictions, griefs and fears,  
His sympathy claims half the tears.  
'Twas thus he lived when to our band  
We took him loving by the hand

Where since among us he has stood  
A brother faithful true and good.  
How sad the tribute that we pay,  
For now his voice sounds far away

Where visions rise and echoes swell  
From mem'ry's halls, and with us dwell  
To urge us on to regions higher —  
The Heaven to which our souls aspire.

We've traced our brother's time-worn feet  
To where the earth and heavens meet  
And wonder as we glance around  
Who of us next shall pass beyond.

As one by one we're lost from sight  
Heaven grant that duty's steps unite  
With tracks that on the other side  
To blissful heights shall be our guide.

## Light of Evolution.

---

*Read before the Cambridge Art Circle, at the residence of Dr. A. L. Norris,  
January 1, 1883.*

---

Hail to the Light eternal and not born,  
That burst through space proclaiming nature's morn,  
Before silurian rocks of primal age  
Had formed in mass for time's recording page,  
Or ere huge hills were cleft by glaciers' reign  
And stones of sand had blushed with redd'ning vein.  
Bring thou the zeal and patience to pursue  
Inquiries that raise higher thoughts to view  
The scenes when budding flowers of mystic birth  
Sprung forth with lavish growth to deck the earth,  
That in more distant times a treasure yield  
To those who strive for wealth and power to wield.  
Tell how when mind turns back in thoughts to find  
By search the truth that darkened age did bind,  
As muschelkalk and zechstein groups intertwined  
With fishes saurians in mass combined;  
How marks were left by water's curling wave,  
Or cracks on beds from heat the sunbeams gave,  
How rocks were pitted as the raindrops fell;  
Make all these silent stones with accents tell  
The varied courses of the moving gale  
When thick'ning spray descends as pattering hail  
On permian rock, triassic, marl, and slate,  
Revealers of earth's forces' hidden state.  
The tracks of animals that there accord

With those of reptile and marsup and bird,  
The lias, oölite and Wealden clay,  
The polyp's garb and shells of older day  
Bear witness of the fact that there was life,  
As do the cone-trees once there rife;  
All these so long o'er-washed by rolling seas  
Were fitted to be wrought vain man to please.  
From lower forms to higher in the scale  
Brief moment calls for noting in detail,  
Mollusks, cephalopods, the encrinite,  
The ichthyosaur, large toothed, of hideous sight,  
His lengthened form to dwell in seas inclined,  
Where sporting like the whale much rest declined  
Went, moved by hunger's pangs and greed alike,  
With paddles furnished, fitted waves to strike;  
The plesiosaur with head, neck, long and slim,  
The better suited angry main to swim.  
Then comes iguanodon of long-drawn make  
Stalks he the fields, o'er hills and in the brake;  
The pterodactyl eagle-like in size,  
Whose toes supported supple webs to rise,  
As those of bat on wings in air moved light,  
More easy, swift, majestic, in its flight.  
Green sand with beds of clay and chalk admixed  
And fossil shells from ocean's depths betwixt  
The coral, the sponge, the starfish, zoöphytes,  
The crinoids and the chambered belemnites  
Are speaking voices of the buried past  
That changes seen were made by forces vast.  
We pass cretaceous era when began  
The tertiary age embracing man.  
Deposits seen in river-mouths and lakes  
Had thickness less than forms the sea oft makes;  
Shells found in beds of age the eocene  
Were of the present species four per cent. mean;  
While in the middle, miocene, we see

Seventeen with every hundred doth agree.  
The older, pliocene, now yields as rate  
A product than the first ten times as great.  
The strata that were made from channels deep  
Yield not the fossils which in chalk-beds sleep,  
Nor saurians as seen in the oölite.  
The murex, nassa, conus, nummulite  
Abundant, beautiful as now abound  
Were first in strata from such waters found.  
In glacial age hard rocks of monstrous weight  
Were distance borne and grooved by pressure great;  
Their broken forms were left in zones apart,  
As seen by fittings of each counterpart.  
Ere land in height had reached its present grade,  
Clay blue and gray in valley beds was laid  
And formed for artisans of later days  
A base for traffic that now oft repays.  
We turn to the age when pachy-derms abound,  
Among which the horse and elephant were found,  
The paleotherium with proboscis short  
Whose foot was cleft into the three-toed sort;  
The anoplotherium Binstead's frail-toothed beast  
Unarmed for strife, of herbage made his feast;  
The cheropot had snout of curious make  
The ground to turn and find his food to take.  
The megatherium was of that age we speak,  
His structure forced him hills and woods to seek;  
Above the elephant in strength and growth  
By habits and by sense he seemed like sloth.  
The mastodon came of a later date,  
On uplands dwelt, there sought the herbs he ate:  
In after times by floods was downward borne  
To fateful miry depths to sink forlorn.  
While still we turn to look with backward eyes,  
The mammoth form seems there to rise  
With greater power his massive tusks to wield

Than's found in lion's paw or elephant's shield.  
The ox, the deer, the camel, sheep, and goat  
Domestic ruminants we now denote  
Appeared with those so huge as just described  
And were from humble forms and cells derived.  
The animals that dwelt in trees and woods,  
Quadrumana or apes or simious broods  
Had reached their height in full developed stage  
As seen by broken strata of that age.  
The most ancient parents of the vertebrate  
Were young ascidians that had forms to date  
Coeval with the beds which did mature  
Whence sprung our fishes, birds, and reptiles newer.  
There too the bivalve mullusks came beside,  
In lowest forms abundant fossils hide,  
The cephalopoda in chambered shells,  
Whose limbs about the head his bulk propels:  
The trilobite first glimpse of sentient life  
These buried rocks reveal with fossils rife.  
While in the search with wond'ring thoughts we roam,  
Next o'er those seen the monotremata come.  
Still in the course for onward march by strife  
Marsupials reach a prouder rank in life;  
Placental mammals thence arise in turn,  
The parent stock of apes we here discern.  
We strive again with all our powers to hail  
The secrets back dark eons' hidden vail,  
To bring to view in fairest lines portrayed  
Man's nascent form with breaking sense arrayed.  
Man not till late assumed majestic grace,  
But ugly was his guise and mean his face;  
His head was small, and low his hairy brow,  
His pointed ears a movement did allow,  
His body prone with moving tail supplied  
And hairy cov'ring o'er the whole beside.  
Each sex possessed a coarse and bristly beard,



Signs that from depths to heights he thus was reared;  
 His hands and feet with flattened nails now graced  
 Bespeak the strife to rise he long had faced.  
 Man while in that estate he dwelt in then  
 Roamed o'er the earth and slept in hidden den;  
 No social board was known where reason feasts,  
 His only conquests those made o'er the beasts,  
 Nor wealth, nor tribes, nor nations then were known,  
 These are the fruits of later growth alone.  
 So crept he on in low and groping state  
 Till spirit progress slowly changed his fate,  
 Then half awake to conscious powers that slept  
 A yearning for expression o'er him swept.  
 As lone blind mute who spends the livelong day  
 Amazed and vacant in his look and way  
 While all his work like parrot-tricks is learned,  
 Till touched by truth his latent spark is burned  
 With flame midst darkness glowing more and more  
 Revealing all the mind's exhaustless store,  
 So man forlorn, benighted lay supine  
 Till felt the spirit's touch with life divine.  
 Which prompts to search for that mysterious chain,  
 Where thoughts evolve connecting train with train.  
 Then mind to mind expands the sentient brain,  
 And ways pursued 'fect organs in the main,  
 His functions changed cast off his bristly pelt  
 For scarf that causes touch more quickly felt;  
 His shaggy beard gives place to silken growth,  
 While now the fairer sex has none forsooth.  
 He trailing tail no longer did require,  
 So was the coccyx then scarce left entire,  
 And as his conscious powers his will proclaimed  
 His form and mien more noble grace attained.  
 His helpmeet's weam takes not a back descent  
 Because to her round ligaments are lent,  
 And she above all fem'nines would have place

Had not such cords been brought to apish race.  
Shine on, O Light, illumine every page.  
Shed lustre on the myst'ries of our age,  
More bright expand o'er all our healing art  
'Till is evolved fit for man's god-like part  
A body perfect, free in thought and sight  
That leaves with ugly forms the germs of night  
As tracks to guide his all-progressive mind  
The springs of thine eternal source to find.

## A Retrospect of the Year's Work, in the Department of Literature.

*Read before the Cambridge Art Circle, Nov. 5, 1883, at the residence of  
Mr. H. N. Tilton.*

As aim, we see the Circle had in view,  
With taste the art of writing to pursue  
And in fine lit'rature's fair fields of toil.  
To glean a harvest worthy of the soil;  
To rescue from oblivion's cruel clime  
The scythe to brighten in the hand of time.  
And place on pages' record true and bright  
The thoughts of members all aglow with light.  
A brief repose we'll take to view the year,  
Recount the past, its labors and its cheer.  
First in our theme (none else would dare),  
Rides forth on pony wild that sniffs the air  
On Buenos Ayres' plains where she had sought  
A mission to fulfil by duty brought.  
One lesson here her wanton pony gives,  
Oft greatest horror in illusion lives.  
When fancied danger passed, the vision fled.  
Quick vanishes the fiend in terror bred.  
Next, fair hand notes for us the soulful strain  
Her ear interprets with life's sad refrain.  
Heart stirs from symphonies afar that float  
Harmonious with the song-bird's tender note.  
She pictures bird that bears upon the stream  
The luxury of life's most joyous dream.  
And with its sweet companions, buds and flowers,  
In sunny brightness glides through sportive hours,  
Till in the shadowy veil with them it dies,  
And its last plaint, its miserere, sighs.

Now peers a light from evolution's page,  
 Illumes the rocks formed in azoic age,  
 Unfolds the beds of rushing waters borne  
 Ere mullusks, trilobite had found their morn;  
 Glows on this flame through all the periods past,  
 From young ascidians to proud man at last,  
 Till spirit progress touched his latent mind,  
 That seeks the springs of every truth to find.  
 But not complete description's power can be  
 Till nature's student brings our minds to see  
 The life and ways of savage man untaught,  
 With charm of eloquence though rude in thought.  
 For wisely science oft remoter steps reviews  
 To show to man the race he still pursues.  
 The art of learned sons is not remote  
 From touch on primal lyre, whose rustic note  
 To infant world lent harmony of song,  
 Heard at first glumpse of beings' maudlin throng,  
 When monkey, ape, or baboon race was blent  
 Ere dude or saint had learned his marked descent.  
 And why not man be proud? for how he came  
 Or how evolved, he's surely not to blame.  
 While reasoning thus an imp confounds his sight  
 In form called plagiarism, and hints that quite  
 Not all of claim is past from apish age,  
 When presence such stalks pulpit, desk and stage.  
 All nature is the student's field to view,  
 To explore the earth and search the waters, too,  
 To trace in sea and rivers' course and lake  
 The finny tribes, the various forms they take.  
 None but the lover of this study deep  
 Brings up the secrets mighty waters keep;  
 He shows the fact before our wond'ring eyes  
 That 'neath the waves a kindred world there lies.  
 The tyrants, greedy ones, and suckers, who  
 Ply still their trade and make their victims, too.

As much as man pursues upon the land  
Demand their claims and share of golden sand.  
To us all nature's ways are ways the same;  
Child's gentlest voice or man's of greatest fame  
Is but a mystic touch that binds in part  
Those unseen cords that reach the human heart.  
Soon pass the Janus calends, Martian nones  
To sweetest buds and flowers that spring-time owns,  
When come with May day seven, seven stars that shine  
With radiant beams within our Circle's line,  
And in their shining bring the voice of muse,  
Reveal his soul as they their rays diffuse.  
And what more potent to the soul's calm rest  
Than woman's voice when raised in accents best ?  
Those intonations fine and more remote  
Than man's, which ruder ages still denote;  
Or what more true to life of genius' fire  
Than woman's soul interpreting the lyre ?  
She, blitheful goddess brings her cheer of life  
To passions' fiery rage in duty's strife,  
And echoes far her dulcet strains of peace.  
That quiet rage with highest human bliss.  
Now language is an index of the mind  
With thoughts imbued with noblest charm refined,  
Born for our race when infant world was drear  
She spread her wings for every human ear.  
So still there dwells a charm for human breast  
In noble thought by rustic word expressed,  
And fascination haunts our Dorsetshire  
When shyness melts 'fore truth that's held most dear:  
But leave we must the heights and woodland shade  
For want and misery ere our world invade;  
And "charity" pleads fitly from her steed  
For horse as well as rider speaks his need.  
Forth comes the bard from Scotia's craggy steep,  
Where 'bide amidst the rocks, though ages sleep.

His songs that come as wave on wave unfold  
And wreathe the tales of knightly deeds of old.  
How charm these songs, despised, forgotten quite,  
The undeveloped age so lost to sight,  
Man's semblance fades 'fore powers like these combined  
And grows in stature of the god-like mind.  
What more is left that we should speak this hour?  
Is there a road to reach our Circle's tower  
More smooth than that cut out of rock or earth,  
That tries true genius' strength e'en from its birth?  
The brightest diamond in a kingly crown  
Was from a common base in nature sown,  
But by an unseen law of forces vast  
Was into mould most firm and sparkling cast.  
So every precious talent of the mind  
By action must from grossness be refined,  
If lustre it would shed as helping light  
To fairer scenes beyond dark error's night.

Life Record  
of  
Mrs. Mary Hannab (Gray) Clarke.

*Written for the friends of the family, Nov. 30, 1895.*

Far back in years a youthful maid is seen,  
Charmed with life's bliss and coming age, I ween,  
And in fond care of mother's guiding hand  
Learned well to be obedient to command.

She growing out of childhood's early ways  
Felt Muse's touch and heard alluring lays,  
That opened scenes in visions fair and bright  
And filled her soul with raptures of delight.

In closer thought we bring our mind to view  
Whence sprung this maid with life and blood most true.  
In doing this her lineage thence was found  
To be of Rollo Norman chief renowned.

From loins of this ancient warrior strong  
Sprung many sons that formed a mighty throng  
Of dukes and earls and marquises most great  
Who exercised control o'er fairs of state.

From these came Lord de Grey of Codnor seat,  
Who had with Henry favor most complete;  
There, too, was John who with much lustre shone  
And had a John of Wilton, Ruthyn known.

A younger branch of Ruthyn Greys was seen,  
Lord Ferrers that gave to King Edward queen.  
An ancient bough of this great stock arose  
That bore the honors old Berwycke bestows.

The Dorset marquis was a shining light  
And by his Brandon marriage found delight;  
His daughter Jane was of the gentlest mind  
And with the crown of queen she briefly shined.

From this strong base another branch we hail,  
That took a growth in Stapleford Tawney's vale  
And showed its fruit through name of John de Grey,  
Progenitor of clans that here hold sway.

Chief of this line to Plymouth shores found course,  
By mind and toil became a rising force,  
And took a blooming Lettice sprig for wife.  
By whom the land with growth has since been rife.

Next in descent was Edward's sturdy son,  
Who made his home in town of Tiverton,  
And in due time a Thomas he possessed  
That brought a Thomas, captain, colonel best.

In Bristol port a Pardon then was nursed,  
That gave a Gideon who in lore was versed.  
To this great stream there flowed from fountains pure  
The Metcalf blood that trial scenes endure.



The Downing Pynchon rills were here brought in  
With those of Horne that fought in wars to win.  
These brooks to this young struggling nation bore  
Great talents, honors, strength of noblest store.

The Joseph Horne who was a soldier tried  
Had father Joseph who in Maine espied  
Lands where great Gorges sought a race to plant,  
But failed through adverse fortunes militant.

Son Joseph went to the Green Mountain state,  
Where forest wilds he helped t' annihilate,  
And in those vales and through the ridges high  
A home by art he strove to beautify.

His father Will had for a wife Marg'ret,  
The father Joseph dwelt at Dover seat,  
And was the son of Will of Coheco,  
Who settled there the Indians first to know.

This Will from Clerkenwell Saint James first came,  
Where lived his fathers in much wealth and fame,  
But here he fled with self-reliant will,  
Broad views to have and purpose to fulfil.

Of those from Downing gens that first appeared  
Was Captain Nat in Nevis Island reared;  
His wife Meg came from Judge John Pynchon's hand  
And bore the glory of her line most grand.

Her father judge was, soldier, colonel, too,  
And he had father who same grades passed through;  
His father was the William Pynchon brave,  
Who came with John "Apostle" Eliot grave.

Back from this William in ascending scale  
We find the early names in long detail,  
First John of Writtle and his father John,  
Who had at Oxford College manor won.

From William father of this John we speak  
To Dick in first King Edward's time we seek  
There dwelt, we find, in London, Pynchon sires,  
Who had in Essex lands and grade of squires.

The pater of Nat Downing was a John,  
Who as a merchant had to Nevis gone;  
His father lawyer named Emanuel,  
In London's Inner Court had place to dwell.

He had a George bred in first Harvard's class,  
Who had a grant to Neth'land Court to pass.  
George was a knight by second King Charles made,  
And by bold acts had baronetcy grade.

When Charles' power waned by a stern defeat  
Brave Cromwell deemed George's manners most discreet,  
And for his courage, counsel and advice  
Confirmed his honors as in service twice.

When danger rose that might all things disband  
Emanuel brought his skill to serve our land.  
He took John Winthrop's sister for a wife,  
And had in Groton, Salem acres rife.

He went to England's court fierce Laud to dare  
And there our chartered rights he helped to spare.  
His father George was master of a school  
In parish Ipswich where was strictest rule.

On other lines our search we might extend,  
But this will be sufficient for the end  
To show that when soul's greatest graces shine  
They're but from rays converging into line.

Our mind again turns to her deepened sense  
When thoughts to thoughts in her were brought intense,  
To fix for life her ways and purpose true,  
And by what means these ends she should pursue.

A love for art and scholar's brightest themes  
Has rip'ning influence on a mind that teems  
With pictured scenes by conscious powers evolved  
When warmth is left from the bright beams dissolved.

Thus did our maid with yearning powers imbued,  
Strive by her course ideals high t' include  
In growth and strength derived by art refined,  
That lends its impress to expanding mind.

When in the schools or academic hall  
She gained by work respect of masters all  
And found that through their help and knowledge brought  
Pure love for truth was noblest art that's taught.

Strong measured verse and lays for poet's strain  
Were subjects that raised skill for pen and brain  
And when such tales in warp and woof would web,  
Her hand would write in long drawn hours that ebb.

The smiling landscape scenes in distant view  
Called forth her brush for painting pictures new,  
To lay her colors on the canvas warm  
That guiled the radiance of the vision charm.

The voice and touch of music's sweetest strain  
Found ready echo in her soul's refrain,  
That gave to list'ning ears a calm delight  
In lands untraversed and unseen by light.

In broader fields when country's laws were scanned,  
She pitied slave, and trade in slaves would brand,  
And heard with painful sighs deep sorrow's wail,  
That stirred her soul to pierce life's inner vale.

In war's dread scourge when soldier's help was sought  
And fathers, brothers, sons, in battle fought,  
Her heart went out to aid the warriors brave,  
To bind their wounds, their lives and health to save.

She made her home a refuge place most dear,  
Where precious mem'ries rose from life of cheer  
And spent their fragrance on the passing breeze.  
That love be wafted hatred to appease.

Time in its march leaves impress on all forms,  
And changes scenes as rushing mighty storms,  
And objects that once seemed of firmest stand,  
From sight will pass and leave but shifting sand.

Our maiden in long years of patient toil  
Bore buds of life as grown from richest soil  
That bloom by warmth gained from another sphere  
Like diamonds sparkling when to light brought near.

John Clarke, Wrentbam Bell-founder, 1575.

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O blame not the maker, whose grief-stricken bell  
Rings out its laments that he bade it farewell  
E're yet 'twas complete. There had come a loud call  
With a few extra pounds from the church, that was all.  
Now regrets that true worth is so oft poorly paid  
Shall by our rude tongues forever be made.



## Bacteria, Bacillus, Coccus, Micrococcus: How Their Intoxication may be Accelerated.

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*Read before the Cambridge Society for Medical Improvement, at the celebration  
of its Twenty-fifth Anniversary, held at the Vendome, Boston, Mass., June  
26, 1893, and published in the Cambridge Tribune, July 3, 1893.*

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It was down in the valley of auld, auld Charles  
In years twenty-five agone,  
When hobgoblins danced with jerks and with snarls  
To the mad marsh-coccus's tune.

A grand palace arose, all so gorgeous to see,  
With turrets of gold it shone,  
And a maid of rare beauty and grace was she  
Who reigned in those halls alone.

A gallant knight from far o'er the sea  
Came to woo this beauteous queen,  
No fond swain was e'er so enchanted as he  
With this lowland queen, I ween.

Thus sang the brave knight of this lady most fair.  
"She is slender, tall and fleet,  
Her eyes are as stars, long and dark is her hair,  
And music is in her feet."

“Miss Bac — O Miss Bac,” was his life-long dream,  
And she *backed* from her castle wall  
To lead him to dance o’er the low meadows green,  
’Till the knight was fain to fall.

“Pray back — O Miss Bac, for my clumsy clad feet  
Have caught in the grasses long;  
In thy palace I’ll rest ’till the darkness shall flit  
And morn shall repeat my song.

Ptomaines and cocci the weapons harsh  
She thrust ’neath his glistening steel,  
She plucked her brave lord from the soft pliant marsh,  
Still whirling a madcap reel.

She *corked* up his spirit that was fast flowing out,  
And his gallantry thus far saved,  
While with loftiest look he cast about  
At thought of such victory made.

Then she guided him on to her choicest room,  
All sparkling with gems and gold;  
The rich hangings were wove in a foreign loom,  
Rare perfumes their plaits unrolled.

Then she locked him in with bolts so strong,  
Commending him to his dreams,  
And he thought when alone, tho’ a knight, ’t was not wrong  
To yawn and to stretch his limbs.

What a sumptuous couch, what a charming retreat,  
He mused, doffing plume and cap,  
And th’ entrancing sounds that my ears now greet  
Are like to my lady-love’s step.



Ne'er fairy's soft lute such symphonies carry  
To lull my spirit to rest,  
I'll aside lay these trappings the while that I tarry,  
And dream of her I love best.

His tired eyelids the knight closed at last,  
And his stout form by sleep was bound,  
Then the dulcet sounds grew more thick and more fast  
And a dense cloud gathered around.

First a coccus sharp pinned his eyelids fast down,  
Another quite closed his mouth,  
Still a dozen more fiercely attacked his crown.  
Which aroused him in his wrath.

All in vain did he strive to arrange his gear.  
They harassed him more and more,  
Till changed to sharp knives seemed the very air,  
As they pierced and lanced him sore.

All frantic he brandished his heavy broadsword  
The cannibal host to affright,  
When his phantom queen high in a curtain he viewed.  
In her gossamer robes of light.

"Ah, ha, ha, Sir Knight," she tauntingly cried,  
These are my subjects most dear.  
War you thus with the guard of your evermore bride?  
You are doomed! Abide with us here!

"My realm though unseen is rich and fair,  
Teems in spheres and most potent rods;  
It holds in balance the life-giving air,  
Aids in turn the Æsculapius broods.

“Among the most choice are Koch’s comma scion,  
Rod of anthrax and yellow jacks,  
The strepto-coccus bold as a lion  
When deeply it beats its tracks.

“These my subjects, I’ve vowed may never go free,  
My Sir Knight is prisoner too.”

“Let me see, fiendish sprite,” then loudly spoke he,  
“Thy lover is changed to thy foe.

“Trust not, despise thy nurslings late,  
For skilled sons from Auburn’s banks.  
Near where rises old Egypt’s towering gate,  
Will come to waste thy ranks.”

He invoked his goddess t’ avenge his wrong  
Would en-*List her* in service most true,  
Wished he had sur-*Passed her* with Mercury’s staff strong,  
And could gain a rich boon anew.

Thus ending, his huge fist struck heavily through  
The iron and strong bolted door,  
Cried, “Infest all this midland, you blood-poisoning crew,  
Each season from now evermore.”

Then forth went the knight with a most fearful speed,  
Pressed close his phantom queen,  
Her goss’mer-robed form was bent as a reed,  
Her slender toes skimmed the green.

O’er fen, bog and ditch, the strong knight he leaped,  
Chased close by the fiendish choir,  
Nor slacked he his pace ’till the hills he had reached,  
And the highlands’ chilling air.

“ To the north, to the north,” was still his refrain,  
“ To my castle amidst the snows,  
And I'll nevermore visit the midland domain  
Of the Queen of the Bacillos.”

Then he sent forth his arrows of poison and frost  
And spread o'er the lowlands a net,  
And captured the queen with her legions so fast,  
Her goss'mer robes draggled and wet.

All thanks to the north-king who in caverns so damp  
This blood-poisoning host doth enchain,  
For his promise we have no bacillus shall tramp  
O'er the midland during his reign.



## Christopher Marlowe.

(WRITTEN IN A FORM OF PROSE).

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*An extract of a paper read before the Cambridge Art Circle, Dec. 18, 1888,  
at the residence of Dr. E. Y. White.*

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Christopher Marlowe was the first who dared to plunge beneath the surface where he discovered Passion's form of dread. With boldest hand he brought him forth to speak in untaught measure, that still echoes to the ear and pen of all who list or write.

Just below in sulphurous clouds is the lithe form of Mephistophiles, crouching to feed with pride and insolence the stream where floats the doomed Faustus, spreading his net to catch all such as drink the fiery drops. Here Marlowe has the power to seize the magic wand, to show the would-be victim all the agony of the tortured soul that's lost, and pictures there his Faustus. Vouchsafed to him is the power also to move aside the stars, when quick the blissful heavens are ope'd to view, with passports that are dropping down to show poor mortals how to gain an entrance at its gates.

Ere are closed the starry windows, a strain of music falls, that glad the genius of the drama claims, to touch the pen that leaves it in her verse. Hark! how it swells as nearer still it comes, until inspired from vision of Fair Helen, it adds the tenderest chord to tell of pensive Marguerite, till listeners see the tearful eyes and feel such strain of sympathy as draws them nearer Heaven.

Close beside the fiery fount where its stream runs slow and heavy, fed by avarice, covetousness and revenge, walks the

"Jew of Malta" with his companion spirit following from a neighboring wave. Now comes a mighty impulse near the width where first the stream divides. There the form of Edward Second uprears to view, while round him gather all his train, and impress show that each has drunk from such divided stream as suited best, with greed or thirst of beasts. Thus all are filled from Passion's several streams; for yet their strong revealer's wand had power to touch but lightly the point between the ideal conception and the baser realities. The note that soft unites and harmonizes all, save once, while at the dethronement of the king he more firmly pressed his wand, when burst the power its limit by the age prescribed, with blending waves was forced to vibrate. So was anticipated with accuracy, the proper balance to be attained in coming years.

Here showing nearer though brought in clouds from many ages past, and obscured by nearer mists, are the revelling forms of gods and kings, which "Dido, Queen of Carthage" claims.

This passed, nearer still the mists arise, radiant with the transcendent beauty of "Hero and Leander," brought from near the Sunrise that blessed the lovers' union. As the traveller turns (are not all mortals travellers?) to rest the eyes from such resplendent visions, appears the real all-immortal Marlowe, grand in form and feature, standing on the firmly fashioned earth, viewing his life work embraced within the less than thirty years, when came the spirit, whence he knows not, to the babe of Canterbury.

Sees he within himself that spirit grown to such height as to be the maker and revealer of the vision before him, which marks Christopher Marlowe the greatest discoverer and the most daring and inspired pioneer in all English poetical literature, and makes him the originator of genuine blank verse as well as of genuine tragedy in England? Further, can he know that the indwelling of this same spirit has caused Christopher Marlowe to be such a leader as has straightened the path and

prepared the way to the more widespread field, close to the fountain poured out from the mighty hand of "Tamburlaine the Great," and where a Shakspeare's genius soon shall reign, to send forth light encircling all the earth?

While yet the traveller gazed, an unseen hand night's darkening mantle threw o'er Marlowe's form, and there by death he fell, in tragic mien as e'er his vision showed.





**Advice to the Graduating Class**  
of  
**College of Physicians and Surgeons,**  
**Boston, Mass., June 19, 1895.**

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Go on, young friends, search out with finer sense  
The hidden myst'ries of our primal ens;  
Draw from the earth long buried from our sight  
The wealth made mighty by transmitted light.  
Bring to man's help the gold that slumbers still  
In rocks, in streams, in many a secret rill;  
Traverse all nature's bounds her laws to scan  
To raise your art to succor suff'ring man.  
See from the book before your vision cast  
Record of those who labored in the past,  
Or find the source by which the masters gained  
The magic influence that so long had reigned.  
Trace that swift flood, the heart's encircling streams  
To distant parts which glow with healthy gleams.  
Unwind the nervules from their complex chain  
In all their threads till merged in sentient brain.  
To pelvic depths, where lies the eating cell,  
Fail not to turn but morbid mass expel.  
As visual orbs grow dim in dark'ning shroud,  
Show forth your skill, remove the gath'ring cloud.  
When toxic germs in thick'ning lobes shall blaze  
Excise the growths and add to patients' days;  
Or in the realms where space has ceaseless change  
And breathing tissue has expanding range,

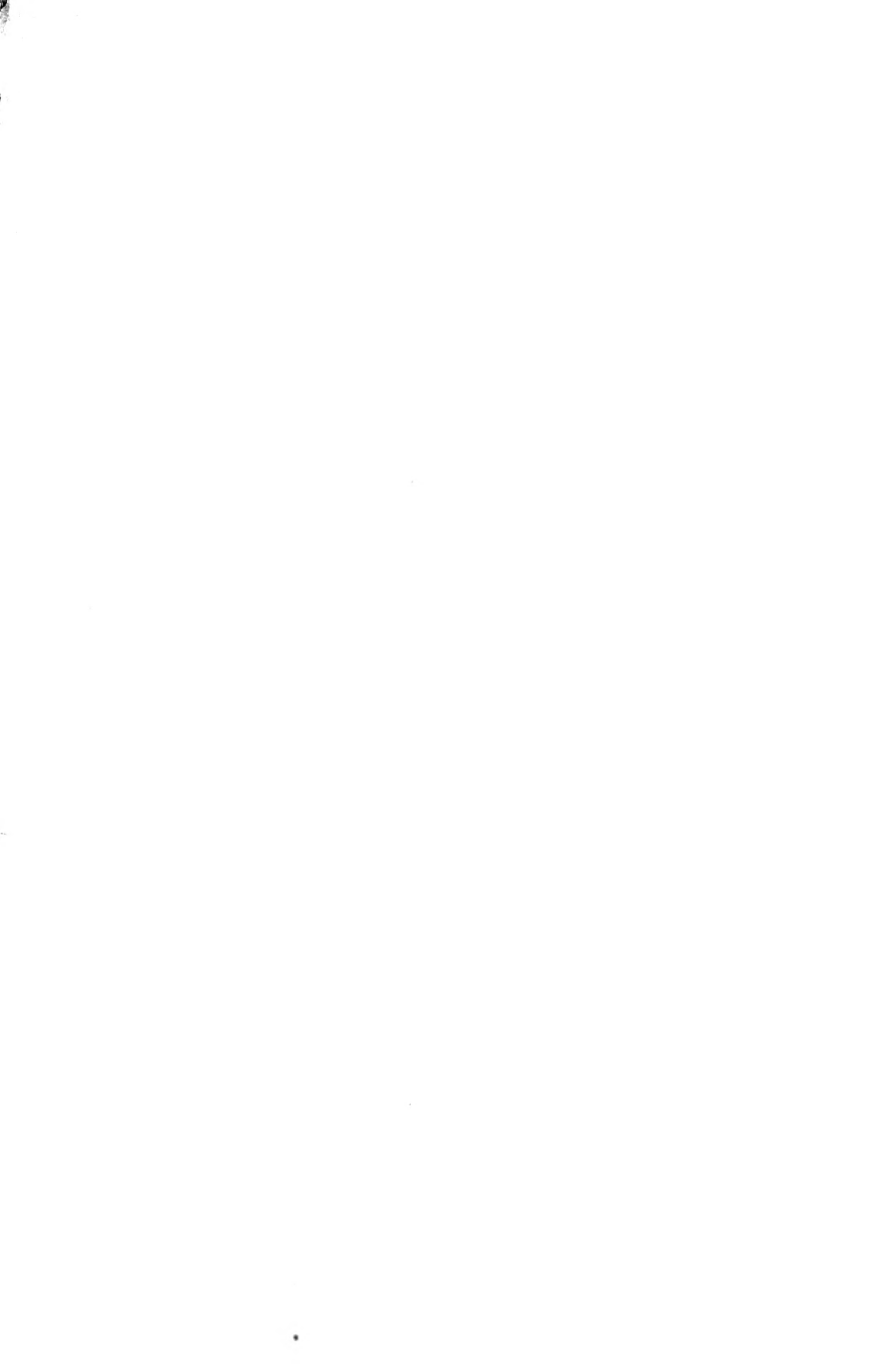
When points on points will wane to microbe cause  
And yield their products formed through nature's pause,  
In this mishap with art you must e'er cope  
To find the seat by sound and stethoscope.  
In every charge intrusted to your skill  
Espouse the cause and duty then fulfil.  
To public call be ready to give heed  
And don your armor in your country's need.  
In peace no less your counsels should insure  
That ways to truth and honor may endure.  
In work more deep espy the spirit's tide,  
That ebbs and flows while health and life abide.  
Schooled thus in work to higher standard raised,  
Your life will be redeemed, your worth be praised.  
No blust'ring fellow could your precincts haunt,  
No jealous dolt with sneaking mien would taunt.  
The prudish guise was ne'er for place e'er born;  
To such must ever point the hand of scorn.  
So shall you reach to heights unscaled before  
Where honors crowd like rolling waves to shore.











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